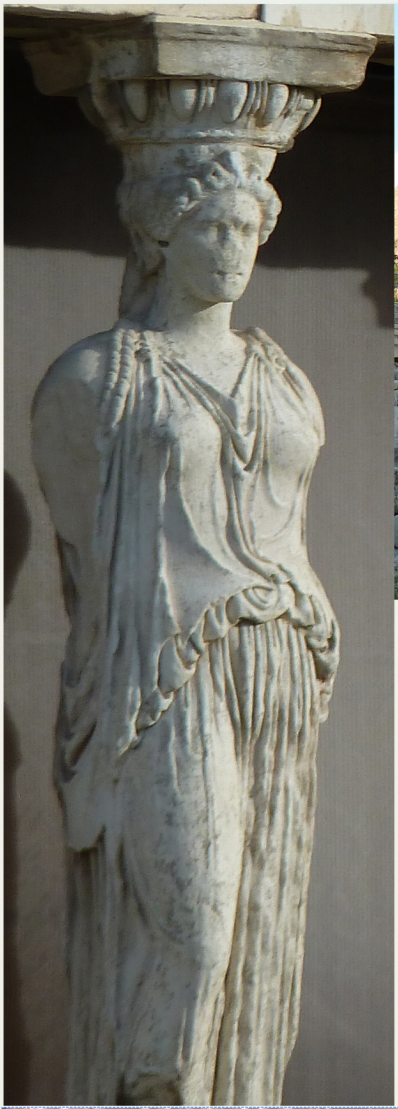
FOUR DAYS IN ATHENS



A FILM-TEXT

Bernard Sharratt

New Crisis Quarterly

FOUR DAYS IN ATHENS

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Though each can be read independently,
these NCQ publications, taken together,
comprise a single hyper-text collection.

FOUR DAYS IN ATHENS

a film-text

Bernard Sharratt

New Crisis Quarterly
2015

NEW CRISIS QUARTERLY

ncq@newcrisisquarterly.myzen.co.uk

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For
Cevat & Gönül
true inter-nationalists
&
because I haven't written
one set in Istanbul yet

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This film-text is not written with actual film production in mind. Though it plays with a variety of film genres, it is primarily intended to be read—and imagined.

Athens is an appropriate place as the setting for my characters and my themes, and the script is designed to be easily supplemented by on-line images and maps of the specified sites and scenes. Any resemblance to actual events is, currently, optimistic. This text was written in February 2008, before the full implications of Greece's role as an EU political-economic football became apparent..

Other film-texts in this series are set in Budapest, Prague, Rome, and Venice, and the series concludes with *A Last Sight of Europe*.

A film-text is a particularly suitable form for the New Crisis Quarterly imprint, since that name revives the title of a very short-lived periodical whose its first, only, and final issue appeared in 1984, under the guise of my *The Literary Labyrinth*. Its editorial programme was to publish reviews of imagined books I didn't feel I had the time actually to write, so its readers were cheerfully invited, if so inclined, to write those works themselves. In the same spirit, reading a film-text means that most of the work of imagining the film can be done by you, which is part of the fun of writing them.

B.S.
May Day
2015

PRE-CREDITS:]

1. EXT. ATHENS AIRPORT.

Late spring. Hot.

ELLIE arrives, 19, confident, sassy. With just backpack luggage.

2. INT. CUSTOMS.

Ellie is stopped at customs by a male customs officer.
He gestures her to open her bag.
The bag is full of computer gear, including several external hard drives.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Τι είναι αυτό; *(What is this?)*

ELLIE
(hesitant, rote-learnt Greek phrases, but copes:)
Syngnome, den milao ellenike. Milate anglike, parakalo?

CUSTOMS OFFICER
What is this?

ELLIE
My music.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
(raised eyebrow) It does not *look* like music.

ELLIE
Digital music. Tracks. Downloads. Lots of them.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
(more raised eyebrows as he turns over several devices)
You listen to a *lot* of music?

ELLIE
Well, yes. *(hesitates, then admits)* I'm a DJ.
A travelling DJ. A Disk Jockey.

Customs Officer pauses. Ellie smiles sweetly.
He succumbs. Waves her through.

CREDITS OVER:]

3. EXT. SEQUENCE OF BRIEF SHOTS.

Ellie travels on the Metro, via a station change, down to Piraeus. She does not know her way around but finds it without asking help.

CREDITS END:]

4. EXT. OUTSIDE PIRAEUS STATION.

Ellie exits from the Piraeus Metro station to confront the busy traffic of the port. Now she does need help.
In pidgin Greek, she asks a passing elderly woman:

ELLIE
Poi Ferryboat, er porthmeio —
pros Lesbos, parakalo?

Woman answers in rapid Greek (telling her there are no ferries running). Ellie doesn't understand. The woman shrugs at this and points anyway towards one of the dock gates. Ellie crosses the road through heavy traffic over to the gate.

5. EXT. QUAYSIDE. PIRAEUS.

Ellie looks up at a large ferry, with visible sign Λέσβος / Lesvos at the boarding end.
The ferry is empty.

Only one man, VASSILIS, is visible near the boarding gangway.

Vassilis is about 55, old before his time, tough but kind-hearted. He spots her, hesitates, then waves a greeting at her.

ELLIE
Touto einai ferry pros Lesbos, parakalo?
Ti ora phugei?

VASSILIS
Δεν υπάρχει καμία αναχώρηση απόψε
(There are no sailings tonight.)

ELLIE
Er, den katalabaino. Er, milate anglike?

VASSILIS
Yes, I speak English.

ELLIE
Thank god for that. I'm sorry, what did you just say?

VASSILIS
There are no sailings to Lesvos. For three days.

ELLIE
Oh shit. *(exasperated, not aggressive)* But I have a ticket.
Here. For tonight. I booked on-line, days ago.
Look, the time, the date. That's right, isn't it.

VASSILIS
(looks at ticket) Yes. That is correct.
But you cannot take the ship tonight.

ELLIE
But I have a job to get to. I start tomorrow night.
In Lesbos. So how do I get there?

VASSILIS
I am sorry, Miss. There are no ferries.
Because of the general strike. Three days.

ELLIE
The what? Oh Gawd, no. You can't mean it?
I'll lose my sodding job if I can't get there.

VASSILIS
The strike is to save *our* jobs—
(sympathetic) and what is your job?
Are you, er—*(he hesitates, looks her over)*—
a dancer? A singer?
I think I perhaps recognise you?

ELLIE
No way. I'm just a DJ. I play music, in a club.
Or I'm supposed to. So what do I do now?

VASSILIS
Go to a hotel, wait a few days.
The strike will be over.

ELLIE
I don't have any money for a hotel.
I was going to sleep on the boat.
I need the job because I'm flat broke —the club was even paying for my flight and everything. Shit.

She dumps her bag down and sits on it despondently, suddenly knackered and vulnerable.

VASSILIS
(ponders a moment, then in sympathy:)
You play music, in a club? Yes?
My son has a club, in Athens, a small one.
Perhaps he can help. What do you play?

ELLIE
New Liverpool-Techno, funk-rap, edge stuff, whatever gets them going.

VASSILIS
(baffled, but does his best)
Er, myself, I play the accordion.
So you are from Liverpool?

ELLIE
Nope. Only been there once, long time ago, sort of.

VASSILIS
(He smiles at this 'long time ago' from a 20 year old.)
I worked in Liverpool, also a long time ago.
I learned English there. Wait, I will ring my son.

Vassilis speaks in Greek into his mobile phone for a while. Pauses the conversation to ask her:

VASSILIS
What do you say you play, again?

ELLIE
Well, call it Liverpool techno-edge, simplest.

VASSILIS
(repeats into the phone) Liverpool technow.
Edge-Simplest. Something.

Phone conversation continues for a moment. Finishes.

VASSILIS
My son is interested. Perhaps.
I will take you to meet him.
Come, you look tired. I will get you a coffee first.

ELLIE
But aren't you working?

VASSILIS
No, I am on the picket-line.
(He looks around at the ferries going nowhere)

I *am* the picket-line.
But there is no need for a picket.
The strike is solid.
—Except for my son.

They cross over towards a coffee stand.

6. INT. CLUB: PLATO'S CAVE. AFTERNOON.

Inside a very small club.
Looks bleak and ramshackle in the late afternoon light.
High ceilings. Blank walls. Almost windowless.
Ceiling-hung projection equipment visible.
The club doubles during the day as a cheap internet and games café.
Round three walls are long narrow tables, each with a few internet stations: large flat screen monitor, micro-cube computer, keyboard, mouse, chair. Fourth wall includes the main doorway, and a small counter and bar. A DJ station at side of bar. A door behind the bar leads to stairs to the rear domestic accommodation.

ION, late-twenties, cool, alert, is sitting at the computer at the DJ station, listening on headphones to Ellie's collection of tracks from one of her external hard drives, now plugged into the main club server. The music is not audible. Ellie is standing watching him.
Vassilis is sitting smoking. Ion speaks fluent English.

ION
I like your music. It fits the club style.
Some of this is new to me, and to Athens
—but I can't pay you much.
Maybe you could do just a few sessions.
See how it goes. At least we can put you up for a couple of days and you don't need to starve.
My brother and I live in the flat behind the club and you can eat with us. Is it a deal?

ELLIE
Sounds fine. No problem. When do I start?
I need to suss out your gear.

ION

Your first session—let's make it tomorrow night.
You can do a run-through tomorrow morning
and I'll show you the whole works. It's a bit ropey—
we've only been open a couple of months.
But you'll see what we're into tonight.

VASSILIS

Είναι ανοικτό απόψε; - και η απεργία; Πρέπει να κλείσει απόψε.
(You're open tonight ? - what about the strike? You should be closed tonight.)

ION

(to Ellie, with a grimace)
My father says we should all join the strike,
even the clubs. He still thinks a strike will solve
something. *(to Vassilis)* So you close down Athens
for a few days and lose a few days' pay—while
Stock Markets around the globe just carry on
gambling billions. You can't *strike* against the World
Bank, the IMF, Wall Street. It's a new world, Dad.

CIMON has entered during this and hears Ion.
Cimon is perhaps 20, very much the younger brother.
Interrupts. Friendly, mocking, not aggressive.

CIMON

Spinning your usual line, Ion. *Of course* you can *strike*
against global capitalism—but not if you just go on a
nice peaceful march through their streets.
You have to hit them—where it hurts—
(to Ellie) Hello, I'm Cimon, call me Simon.
Ion's brother. You're English, yes?
So we all speak English, like the old days.

ION

This is— (*realises he doesn't know her name)*

ELLIE
Eleanor, call me Ellie—*(to Ion:)*
Don't worry, er, Ian—my DJ name is Lady JayJay.
With two exclamation marks, if you like.

ION
(to Cimon) She's doing a couple of gigs for the club.
While this idiot strike stops her from working at the job she actually came to do—

VASSILIS
Enough, Ion.
And remember *(semi-joke)* if you scab on the strike we'll have to picket the club!

This is part of an old political argument, an ongoing family divide, but basically affectionate.

ELLIE
(intervenes, to divert issues)
Look, how come you all speak English anyway, 'like the old days'?

CIMON
We used to live in Liverpool—till our Mum died, and we came back to Athens.

ELLIE
(about to ask more, but Ion interrupts—)

ION
Cimon, can you take Alice off for some food — it's getting late and I've got to set things up for tonight—whether you like it or not, Dad.

Vassilis mock-angrily gestures at Ion, waves to Ellie, and leaves.

CIMON
(to Ellie) Right, a nice little Greek family feud for you—but now for some good Greek food. OK?

ION
But bring her back in good time—she should see us in action before she's on tomorrow.

CIMON
OK, I shall come back—
and picket you, big brother!

7. INT. OFFICE.

Inside the expensive offices of the Papadoulos Shipping Line.
Outer office, with door to inner office.
Large image of Piraeus port on the wall, but the Athens business district is visible through large windows.
In the outer office, two men are standing near a table.
An Athens street map is on the table.

CREON is Greek, smooth, assured, suited.

KHALID is North African Arab, fairly poorly dressed, nervous.

Conversation is in French. No sub-titles, preferably.
Creon's French is basic. Khalid does not speak much Greek and French is only his second language.

CREON
Et ce soir, personne ne doit être blessé, si possible. Aucune enquête policière, vous comprenez? Et l'heure?

KHALID
À vingt-deux —.

CREON
Oui. Et puis, demain. Ici. Exactement. *(points to a specific location on the street map)* Le bijoutier: 'Kallimachos'. Et vous prenez le collier, ceci. *(takes a photo from his wallet and shows it to Khalid)*. La vitrine exterieure. Seulement. C'est trés importante. Aucun d'autre. Comprenne.

Khalid starts to take the photo from him.
Creon takes it back immediately.
Khalid shrugs, then takes his mobile phone out,
puts it into video-record mode, and points it at the photo.

KHALID
Permettez? C'est nécessaire. Je dois être sûr.
J'ai besoin de l'image.

CREON
(hesitates, then shrugs) Enfin.

Khalid films the photo. Then turns the phone onto the street-map.

CREON
Et à l'heure exacte—vous allez le faire précisément à midi et vingt. Et après, vous allez ici, à la place en face de la bibliothèque. La rue Panepistimiou. Oui? *(he points to another spot on the map. Khalid videos the route to the second spot on the street map.)* Cinque minutes plus tard, *exactement*. Compris? Et quand les flics arriveront, vous—

The door from the inner office opens and PAPADOULOS half-enters, but stops in the doorway when he sees the conversation going on.

Papadoulos is late middle-aged, prosperous, businessman, powerful.

Visible behind him in the inner office is another man, seated, WARNER, well dressed, assured.

PAPADOULOS
(to Creon)
Είσαι σχεδόν ολοκληρωθεί; Ξέρει τι πρέπει να κάνει;
(Are you nearly finished? Does he know what to do?)

CREON
Ναι, αφεντικό. *(yes, boss)*

PAPADOULOS
(to Creon) μπείτε όταν πάει *(Come in when he's gone.)*

Papadoulos exits and closes the door.

CREON
(resumes) —alors, vous devez porter ceci. *(Creon hands him a Kefiyyeh, a black and white Palestinian scarf.)* Donc nous vous reconnaissons, et vous ne serez pas arrêté par la police. Vous comprenez?

KHALID
Oui. Je comprenne. Et après, mes papiers?

CREON
Oui, oui, vos papiers. Finalement. Enfin, c'est tout. Allez, allez. Fini.

Creon goes towards the inner door, as Khalid leaves by the outer door.

8. INT. CLUB.

Inside the club. About 10.30 pm. The club is not very full. Energetic dancing to whatever is not quite the latest new wave of loud techno music. The internet station monitors have now been neatly hoisted to near the ceiling, with the narrow tables as suspended supports, to act as display screens. Each screen is showing an independent and different looped video clip of an experimental graphic-visual kind, highly coloured and active. Some monitor screens are randomly showing material from avant-garde websites (e.g. www.ubu.com).

Projected over them and onto the three walls behind (thus creating shifting shadows of the monitors) are further video clips, mainly in black and white or monochrome, of old newsreels and old movies, especially ones involving ghosts, shadows, enigmatic figures. The films include: Vertov, Man with a Movie Camera; Debord, Society of the Spectacle; Leger, Ballet Mechanique; Dreyer, Vampyr. The music, fairly loud, is not correlated with the various clips in any apparent way.

Mixed in with the music soundtrack are recordings of Hugo Ball and other Dadaists. This proceeds for some moments.

Ion is acting as a hi-tech DJ, manipulating the music through a digital mixer program on the server.

NICKIE is serving at the bar. She is about 19.

Enter Cimon and Ellie together. They wave greetings to Ion.
Cimon goes to Nickie and rather perfunctorily kisses her.
Nickie is pleased to see him but remains busy at the bar.
Ellie and Cimon start to dance together. Ellie reasonably impressed by the club's ambience. Dancing and music continue.

Sudden loud explosion from somewhere just outside the club.

Black smoke starts to enter from the door behind the bar.

Panic. Dancers rush towards the rather narrow exit.

Ion and Cimon grab fire extinguishers from under the bar and disappear through the door behind the bar.

Nickie guides Ellie out through the main door.

9. EXT. OUTSIDE THE CLUB. NIGHT.

Crowd is milling round outside the club.
The Club sign is visible in Greek & English:
Πλατου σπηλιά / Plato's Cave.

No more danger is apparent.
Equally, no sign of fire-engines or police.

Ion emerges from club, his clothes a bit smoke-marked.
Makes announcement to the crowd:

ION
Συγγνώμες, φίλοι —αλλά είμαστε τώρα κλειστοί για απόψε. (....) Αλλά αύριο θα είμαστε ανοικτοί όπως πάντα - με έναν φιλοξενούμενο DJ από το Λίβερπουλ: Κυρία Jay Jay!! Έτσι επιστρέφει αύριο!
(Sorry friends but we are now closed for tonight. But tomorrow we will be open as usual—with a guest DJ—from Liverpool: Lady Jay Jay!! So come back tomorrow!)

Ion gestures to Ellie to take a bow.

Crowd cheers ironically, and then drifts away.

Ion, Ellie, Nickie enter the club.

10. INT. LIVING QUARTERS AT CLUB

A store-room on the ground floor of the apartment, behind the bar.
Some damage from the brief fire.
Cimon is beginning to clear up minor damage.

ION
OK, let's get some drinks and head upstairs.

They raid the bar.

11. INT. CLUB LIVING QUARTERS.

The main room of the very small upstairs flat. Sparsely furnished.

The four sit with drinks, in mild shock.

CIMON
He didn't mean it, did he?

NICKIE
Who? Mean what?

CIMON
Well, Dad did say he would picket the club
if it opened during the general strike.
But his mates wouldn't do this, would they?
I mean, it's his house, after all.

ION
Don't be bloody stupid, Cimon.
This has nothing to do with the strike.
Or Dad. You know that.

NICKIE
(in American accent, to Ellie) I'm Nickie, by the way.
I gather you're Lady JayJay?

ELLIE
Only when I'm working. I'm Ellie, real life.
You're American?

NICKIE
Yep, born and bred, but I drifted here,
met him—*(points to Cimon)*
—and just kinda stayed.

ION
I'm very sorry, Ellie. I really should have told you.
We've already been attacked a couple of times.
I shouldn't have given you a gig without warning
you. But that's why there was a vacancy anyway—
some people don't much want to work here any
more.

ELLIE *(jokes)*
So—does someone hate your music that badly?
I kinda liked it!

CIMON *(smiles)*
It's not the music, Ellie, it's the property.

ION
This street, this whole area, is now prime developer territory. And somebody wants us out.
They certainly don't want a cheap scruffy club making lots of noise next to their nice new blocks of very expensive flats.

CIMON
Various 'offers' have been made, shall we say.
Which we have refused. But for how long?

ION
This is the worst 'message' so far, though.
They're getting serious.
Look, Ellie, I promised you a gig and a kip here.
But you probably don't want to do the gig now, and you obviously shouldn't stay here tonight.
They may come back.
Let me find you somewhere for now.
A friend runs a hotel pretty near.
I'll see what he can do.

Ion turns away to make a mobile phone call, in Greek.

ELLIE *(cheerfully)*
No way do I give up a gig!
And you've already advertised me.
Lady JayJay does *not* disappoint her fans.—
Even if I'm not actually from Liverpool.
But I could do with some sleep —been a long day.

ION
(finishes the brief phone call) OK, the hotel's ten minutes away. I'll walk you over.
Cimon, Nickie, can you check for any more damage and then try to get rid of that smell of smoke.
Back shortly. Let's go, Ellie—grab your bag.

12. EXT. SEQUENCE OF STREETS.

Ion and Ellie are walking through the moonlight.
He is pretty preoccupied and not very interested in her,
though she is maybe attracted to him.
During the following conversation they begin by making their way down
Platonos Street. There are lots of colourful graffiti on neglected
buildings, juxtaposed with expensive new developments.

ELLIE
So, Ion, tell me more about this club of yours.

ION *(dispirited)*
Well, when I left school I didn't want any of the usual old jobs, even if I could find any. I always wanted to start a club. A new kind of club, if I could.
We lived in Piraeus when we came back from England, but Dad still had Grandma's old house here. It was pretty derelict, but also pretty big.
Grandma was from Athens, Grandad was Cypriot Greek. His house is now in Turkish occupied Cyprus. Maybe we'll get that back too one day.
Any rate, we turned the old house into the club.
It took a lot of work, saving up, and do-it-yourself.
A couple of years hard slog. It opened just this spring.
And you can see the problem: all that *(he points back to the upper part of Platonos Street)* is still run-down, all this *(they are walking through it by now)* is being 'developed'.
And the club is right on the boundary between them.

ELLIE
So what about your father? And your mother?
How come you lived in Liverpool?

ION
Dad was just an ordinary merchant seaman,
who passed through Liverpool regularly,
on tramp steamers, then on container ships.
Thirty-odd years ago, he met a local girl there, Penny.
He always called her his Penny Lane. She always called

him her Ulysses. So, I got born —these things happen.
Then Cimon arrived, a few years later. Dad was still
going to sea, mainly round the Med and the Baltic.
Another ten years back and forth,
with Liverpool now more or less his real home.
But then Mum died, trying to give birth to a girl,
who also died, a couple of days later. It was hell for us.
Mum's family had never been keen on us.
And Dad was still away at sea when it all happened
so we just had to cope, somehow.
After that, Dad was desperate. He missed Mum
terribly. And he'd always wanted a daughter.
But he was at sea when she was born,
and he never even saw her —.

ELLIE
God, that's dreadful.

ION
—And then he couldn't go back to sea any more —
he had to look after Cimon and me—we were still
only school-kids. So he lost his job.
He'd never actually gotten round to marrying Mum
either, and since he was born in Cyprus, he had no
full Greek or even EU nationality, so he soon found
he had no right to stay in England, despite us.
He packed it in, came back to Greece,
took a port job, and we went to school in Piraeus.
It was a pretty big shift for Cimon and me, but we'd
been to Greece a few times, for short holidays.
We knew the place, spoke some Greek at home as
well as English. We lived in Piraeus until this year.
Dad still does.

ELLIE *(pauses, then)*
So, is the club working out OK?

ION
It was. It's aimed at local kids. Local rather than
tourist. The Mega clubs down the Piraeus Road are

really geared to well-off tourists. You can see them from here. Like the old gasworks over there, huge, expensive places. But if you're just a local teenager around here all you can afford to do is walk in the moonlight!

By now they are at the intersection with Piraeus Road. The traffic is very heavy, with awkward road crossings.

ELLIE
I see your point!

ION
I wanted to develop a new kind of club,
geared to new technologies, digital media,
new sounds, new modes.
I still want the club to be a centre for all that.
Athens is just too *old*, saddled with old old ways,
just a tourist trap caught between out-of-date docks
and crappy un-economic agriculture.
Dad's stuck in that old model. He wanted us to
follow him onto the ferries. Just like he wants us to
join in this bloody pointless strike.
Old, doomed, finished, bankrupt models.

ELLIE
And Cimon?

ION
Can't get a job. Doesn't even want one.
Still a student, sort of. Thinks he's an anarchist.
The local anarchists are against tourists, well, against
tourism. Call themselves the Black Cats.
I even thought it might have been them who fire-
bombed us tonight. Exactly the kind of pointless
thing they'd do. But the club isn't for tourists
anyway. And Cimon's a member, or at least a
hanger-on, of that crowd, so it's pretty unlikely.
It's got to be the bloody property sharks.

But I'm worried that their message is getting louder. And now this. Of course, there'll be no direct connection—just that somebody in a suit will arrive in a few days, with another offer to buy the place, for development. One we can't refuse.

ELLIE
Can you hold out?

ION
Maybe. For a while. But I borrowed heavily, for the computers and the other gear, the projection stuff, the bar. And it's getting more difficult to pay the instalments. The attacks have driven away some of the kids who came during the first few weeks. And now I can't get insurance —word gets around if Trouble seems to keep happening to you. But I can't prove who's really behind it. And the police couldn't give a shit.

They have now turned the corner by Thisseiou Metro station. The Parthenon is suddenly visible, lit up.

ELLIE *(stops in her tracks)*
Hang on—is that the Parthenon I can see? Right there!

ION
Yep, Old Old Athens.

ELLIE
Wow!

She pauses to look. He waits, briefly. Then walks on. They walk past the station, until they reach the quiet of the pedestrianised pathway, Apostolou Paulou, and then on to the Hotel Phidias.

As they walk the last few yards Ellie continues to gaze at the Parthenon. He is indifferent.

ION

OK, Ellie, we're at the hotel.
I'll introduce you, you get some sleep,
I'll pick you up tomorrow morning —about ten.
Think about what you want to do by then.
(Ellie is still gazing at the Parthenon.)
You're ten minutes away from the Parthenon.
You can walk there tomorrow.
Before I pick you up. I've seen it.
Lots of times. OK.

They enter the Hotel Phidias, 39 Apostolou Paulo.

13. INT. HOTEL ROOM. MORNING. BRIGHT SUNLIGHT.

Ellie wakes, and looks out from her balcony.
The Acropolis is visible to her right.

14. EXT. PNYX HILL. BRIGHT SUN.

Ellie walks up the pathway on Pnyx Hill. She looks across from the site of the Assembly towards the Areopagus and the Acropolis.

15. EXT. PNYX HILL.

Ellie pauses to look down at a long line of caterpillars closely and blindly following each other across the path by her feet.
Then at another line moving slowly in a loop which has become hopelessly entangled with itself.

16. INT. HOTEL BREAKFAST ROOM

ALEXIS, the proprietor-manager, perhaps 60, is having coffee.
His English is idiosyncratic but good. Other guests at a couple of tables. Ellie is breakfasting at a table near Alexis.

A small wall television is on, with the sound off, showing news items about the general strike and the upcoming demo that day.

As a news item concerning Plato's Cave comes up, Alexis puts the sound on, and turns to Ellie:

ALEXIS
This is about our friend's club.

NEWSCASTER on TV
(over footage of the club with visible fire marks)
Και χθες το βράδυ μια άλλη τρομοκρατική επίθεση, κατά ένα νυχτερινό κέντρο διασκέδασης.
Η αστυνομία φταίει χούλιγκαν, αναρχικούς και τους κομμουνιστές, που στηρίζουν την απεργία.

ALEXIS
(translates ironically)
'Last night a terrorist attack, on a nightclub.
Police blame the anarchist and communist hooligans who support the strike.' —
Well, they would say that. Of course.
Papadoulos Phillipos wants to be the Greek Berlusconi. So his television channel blames anarchists, and attacks the strike. What do you expect. He's the biggest crook in Athens, controls shipping, banks, property.
Now he wants to buy my hotel, and the whole neighbourhood round here, knock it all down, and build a huge tourist palace. Bastard.

Alexis contemptuously turns the sound off again.
More anti-strike footage.

Ion enters the room. Greetings.

ALEXIS
Here's Ion for you. You are here tonight too?

17. EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE HOTEL.

Ion and Ellie are walking in the busy but relaxed pedestrianised area from the Hotel Phidias towards Thisseiou Metro, passing Roma families with their children playing accordions and begging. Various other buskers and mainly North African street traders. A few white-face 'living statues', including one convincingly dressed as a Caryatid (from the Erectheum temple) but with an Old Comedy mask on. As they pass the Caryatid, she suddenly moves and waves. Ellie is startled.

NICKIE *(the Caryatid)*
Morning, Ellie.

ELLIE *(shock)*
Shit! Who the hell... ?

NICKIE *(laughs)*
It's Nickie. I'm working. Morning, Ion.
See you both later!

ION *(laughs)*
This is her patch.
Come on, something to show you. A little detour.

As they walk off, out of earshot of Nickie:

ION
I feel pretty sorry for Nickie. She's completely mad about Cimon, but he's not really in love with her. He doesn't know his own mind. But she's determined. So she stays around. Hoping.

18. EXT. THE SMALL SQUARE OVERLOOKING THE ANCIENT KARAMEIKOS CEMETERY.

Ellie and Ion are standing looking through the railings at the bewildering debris of a complex archaeological site.

ION
OK, Ellie. You're looking at one of the most famous places in all Greece. The Karameikos cemetery, the Sacred Way, the great City Gate. All the rest of it. But—
you don't have a clue what it is you're looking at, just to *look* at it. Most tourists don't either.

ELLIE
You're dead right. So?

ION
Well, you could look at the information here (*points to the large information board with a diagram of a reconstruction of the whole site)*—and you could maybe take a photo on your mobile phone. As tourists always do—not really knowing what they're taking a shot of—But: if they had my little App. downloaded onto their phone,
this is what they'd see—

Ion takes a photo of the site on his mobile phone.
He shows the result to Ellie.

ELLIE
That's clever. —It overlays a reconstruction of the site onto the photo, yes?

ION
Zoom in.

ELLIE
Cool. Lots of info. —But that's just one you made earlier, right?

ION
Not quite. I actually did take that photo just now. But yes, it's a prototype. Only for this site so far. I'm going to develop it so that you can take a photo at any of the main Athens tourist sites, from any

angle, and still have the right image and information come up on top of your picture. And it can be done—using GPS and location triangulation with a download image library. I'm getting there—
Right, back to work.

ELLIE *(looking down at the site)*
Hang on, what's that, down there?

ION *(looks)*
Yup, that's Thomas the Tortoise— sits in that same spot all day, every day. Been there as long as anyone alive can remember. Could be a couple of hundred years old. Sad. Very Athenian.

19. INT. MAIN ROOM OF THE CLUB.

Cimon, dressed in all black, has been cleaning the after-effects of smoke from the screens, projection equipment, etc.

CIMON
The screens are fine, but you might need a bit more time to dust off the computers properly.

ION
OK, I'll put up a notice saying we're not opening the internet caff today—*(grins)* we can claim it's in support of the strike. The main computer is OK. *(He shows Ellie the DJ software)* Standard mixer program. Based on a pirate copy of Cubase. Happy with that? Just do your own thing with the music.

ELLIE
Fine. I know the program. And I can use my own as well—my gear's all on my external drives. Just plug 'em in and away we go. But what about the visuals, the video clips and the rest? Are they linked into the mixer controls?

ION
The visuals will look after themselves, tonight anyway. You don't need to do anything.

ELLIE
How come?

ION
The sequence and rhythm of the visuals is actually controlled by the movements of *last* night's crowd. Basic motion sensors around the place record the action and the raw data then gets translated automatically into a sequencing program.
So tonight's clubbers are also dancing with last night's crowd—though only the regulars know that. And tonight's dancers will leave their traces to interact with tomorrow night's. And so on.
I call it a ghost dance. Still want the gigs?

ELLIE
I need 'em now. I rang the Lesbos club from the hotel and they've welched on me. If I'm not there by tomorrow night, the job goes to someone else. They're calling it my breach of contract. They may even try to screw the airfare back from me.
Pretty shitty, since I explained about the ferries not being back in operation till after the strike.

Enter Nickie, still dressed as a Caryatid and carrying her white comedy mask. She is cheerful and excited. Hugs Cimon.

NICKIE
Shift over. Time to get changed — for the march!
(does a fanfare—)

Nickie quickly takes off her white Caryatid living statue gear and gets changed into the all-black hoodie gear of the anarchist group, the Black Cats.

NICKIE
Et voila! μια μαύρη γάτα !
(pronouces μια as miaouw — One Black Cat!)

CIMON
Are you coming with us, Ellie?
You should see a full-scale Greek demo!
But if trouble starts, just blend into crowd,
that's what we do.

NICKIE
Keep damn near us, though.
And wear this (*gives her a vivid blue scarf)*—
each of us has a different scarf so *we* know who's
who, even if nobody else does, with our hoodies up.
Mine's a Philadelphia Eagles! *(she puts her scarf on)*
My home town! But we can easily take them off
and just become anonymous, identical.
All black cats look the same in the dark!
And the police can't identify us that way.

CIMON
Mine's a Panathanaikos —best football team on the
planet! —well, after Liverpool.
And Everton, I suppose.

Cimon puts a Panathanikos FC scarf round his neck with a flourish.

ION
Traitor! —Everton! Everton! *(he is ignored)*

ELLIE
So, do you need me, Ion?
Can I go off and see a bit of Athens?

ION
No problem, so long as you're happy that you know
what you're doing tonight. And make sure you
know your way back here in case you get separated.

Back around five, OK? Should give you enough time for a run-through if you need it.
And a bite to eat. We sort of open around ten.

Cimon and Nickie leave with Ellie between them.

20. EXT. SEQUENCE OF STREETS.

During the following exchanges they are walking through the area between Platonos Street and Onomia Square, over the railway lines near Larisis station. Crowds are gradually gathering en route to the march, mainly young and carrying a variety of red flags and placards. Older workers in groups under trade union and left-wing party banners.

At various points a few more Black Cats join up with Cimon and Nickie, with appropriate greetings. Contact is clearly being organised by mobile phones. Khalid also joins them, in black hoodie gear and with a Palestinian scarf around his head. He is obviously well-known to Cimon and Nickie. Using various pidgin language bits, Greek, French, English, they introduce him and the various others to Ellie.

General high spirits. They pass various immigrant-oriented shops and cafes, small import-export businesses, Chinese, Indian, Balkans. An occasional addict waiting for the man.

Brief cuts of intermittent conversation amid the growing noise and increasing crowd energy:

ELLIE
(registering the efficient use of phones to coordinate and meet)
So what's with all this Black Cat business? I didn't think anarchists would be so highly organised!

CIMON
Sixty per cent of all Greeks are now under 25. And we don't really go in for the old trade union and communist party stuff—the old politics is all about production, labour, factories, work—but most of us don't even have jobs, so there aint much

point in being unionised, is there. Ion thinks it's all to do with the spectacle, the media, manipulation, and the solution is somehow to be found through the internet, because 'information wants to be free'. New tech as new revolution. Big deal. —Daft! But for us the real enemy is consumption and cars—Athens is being destroyed by the global brands and by petrol fumes and traffic jams— we're being locked into the endless demand for oil, fuel, petrol, and seduced into shopping, shopping, shopping. Between them they're devastating Athens. It's becoming like any other city on the planet. So that's what we attack. We trash expensive cars and we attack the brand shops.

ELLIE
OK—but what good does that do?

CIMON
At least it discourages them, makes the insurance companies pick up the tab, and makes people think.

ELLIE
What are they supposed to think??

CIMON
That the world isn't made of money. Global money, capital, sloshing around and infiltrating everywhere, making everywhere the same, in its own image, its own coin, its own stamp. Minting us all alike.

ELLIE
So you don't have a job, and you don't want money? So what do you want? How do you get by?

NICKIE
Well, we're not against money—as such! We want money, but for local economies, local currencies, local credit, community credit. Print your own local currencies.

Athens in the classical period had only about 15,000 citizens —and they created the Parthenon, the Theatre, philosophy, democracy—

ELLIE
And the cuckoo clock?

NICKIE *(doesn't get the joke)*
We could still have a hundred small cities like ancient Athens. Local communities. Independent districts. Instead of this huge ugly conglomeration. Created for cars and consumers.
Like American cities. And choking everything else.

CIMON
Here's some good old Greek for you, Ellie. Aristotle: ευδαιμονία εστίν ενέργεια της ψυχής κατ'αρετήν τελειαν —being happy is an activity of the whole person using the fullest kind of skill— but now our highest happiness is that we shop. And sit in traffic jams.

NIKKIE
Aristotle thought human beings were animals who made cities. And they do. But he also said that a shoemaker isn't just someone who makes shoes. Any fool can make a shoe, a *bad* shoe. A shoemaker is someone who makes *good* shoes.
We now make bad cities. We have to learn to make good cities. That's what anarchism is about. Destroying the bad city.

By now they are at Omonia Square and the main march is under way, down towards Syntagma, along Stadiou Street.

The Black Cats form a small group of about a dozen.

21. INT. THE CLUB. MAIN ROOM.

Ion is watching, recording, and then mixing, the incoming news coverage from various TV channels, for use on the wall displays later.

Only global news stations and the local 'Papadoulos Channel' are on air. All other local ones have (in Greek) screen-notices saying they are on strike. He flips from channel to channel.

On BBC24, CNN, and Papadoulos TV, lots of both live and edited news footage of the large demo as it assembles.

22. EXT. STADIOU STREET.

The march is passing down Stadiou Street.

The Black Cats move as a group, on the pavement, with the main body of marchers on the roadway, as they reach a row of expensive shops in a small aracde.

Khalid briefly takes out his mobile phone and looks at it quickly (to check time and location). Then he suddenly starts smashing plate glass shop windows with an iron bar he produces from under his jacket.

After some hesitation, some of the Black Cats join in, kicking at the doors of shops.

General fright among shop staff as they try quickly to put up shutters and bolt doors.

Most marchers are indifferent to the attack on the shops or disapproving.

Khalid comes to the Kallimachos Jewellers and smashes a heavy-duty small display window, reaches in and grabs a beautiful gold necklace. The shop alarms go off.

Cimon sees the robbery.

CIMON
What the fuck! Shit!

Khalid runs off, and some Black Cats follow him, including Cimon. Others quickly and unobtrusively lose themselves into the main body of the marchers, taking off their distinctive scarves.

NICKIE *(to Ellie, urgently)*
You'd better scat. This is real trouble.
What the fuck does Khalid think he's doing.
Keep with the main march. Head back to the club.
I'm going after Cimon. OK.

Nickie sets off after Khalid and Cimon.
Ellie hesitates, then quickly loses herself in the main march.

23. INT. INSIDE THE KALLIMACHOS SHOP.

The manager waits for the Black Cats to leave and then reaches for his mobile phone and makes a call.

24. EXT. NATIONAL LIBRARY SQUARE.

High angle shot from the parapet of a roof overlooking the square in front of the National Library.

Two plain clothes snipers are crouched on the parapet.
One receives a message through his earphone.
Thumbs up sign to the other.
They settle with high powered rifles aimed onto the square.

Into the square comes Khalid, Cimon, and a few other Black Cats, running. The crowd in the square is fairly thin.

Through the long-range sights of a rifle we see Khalid, with the Palestinian scarf in focus. The rifle follows him for a moment. Waits.

A group of policemen in full riot gear appears in the far corner of the square. Police sirens.

The rifle refocusses on Khalid, waits a moment.
Then shoots him. He falls.

Cimon rushes over to Khalid.
Close up we see that Khalid is not quite dead.
He pushes a small bag into Cimon's hand and mutters:
'Fucking Trojan.....' Khalid chokes on his blood and dies.

Second rifle is now focussed on Cimon.

Nickie rushes over to Cimon. Into the sights of the second rifle.
Rifle switches target and focuses on her. Shoots her.

The two snipers pack away rifles and leave their perch.

The riot police are now much closer to the two bodies.
Pounding towards them.

Cimon is holding the dead Nickie.

Sound of wailing police sirens coming closer.
Black Cats drag Cimon away from Nickie and they all race away from the oncoming riot police, back into the main march.

Some of the marchers have now seen the bodies. Shouts of rage.

More riot police are arriving quickly.
Some of the marchers surge towards them.

A major fight begins between marchers and police.

25. INT. CLUB.

Ion watches live TV coverage of the battle between marchers and riot police.

26. EXT. AROUND STADIOU STREET.

Chaos and anger on the march as word of the shooting spreads.
Pitched battles with the police.

27. INT. CLUB.

Ion is watching a brief news report of the shootings.

28. INT. OFFICE

In the Papadoulos office, Papadoulos and Warner are watching TV coverage on an English-speaking channel.
Papadoulos is at his computer.

PRESENTER
We are just receiving news from central Athens that several demonstrators have been shot dead by riot police, in response to wide-spread looting and serious clashes between demonstrators and the authorities in the Greek capital.

WARNER
Right, that should do it.

Papadoulos is busy at the computer.

PAPADOULOS
OK, Tokyo has just closed.
New York opens in an hour and twenty minutes.

Both are quietly pleased.

29. INT. CLUB.

Ion is watching a live Papadoulos Channel TV report, which is showing a photo of Khalid wearing the Palestinian scarf.
He switches to an American channel's coverage.

PRESENTER
We are getting reports from Athens sources that one of those shot in Athens today was a North African illegal immigrant, with known connections to a terrorist organisation. Some reports say he was wearing a Palestinian intifada head-dress when he

was shot. A Government spokesman is reported to have said that the police were 'quite right to shoot such scum'. However, —

30. INT. PAPADOULOS OFFICE:

—the same report continues on the TV being watched by Warner and Papadoulos:

PRESENTER
— reports are now coming in that a second person killed in the Athens riot was a young American girl, apparently a tourist. She had gone to help one of those wounded in the police action. Some witnesses say that she tried to use an American football scarf to staunch the blood of one of those shot. We will bring you further news on this developing story as we have it—

WARNER
Oh shit! Shit. Shit. Shit.

31. INT. FLAT ABOVE THE CLUB.
LATE AFTERNOON.

Ion, Cimon, Ellie, and a few Black Cats are very despondent.

ION
They're now saying that the police have retained the bodies, for identification. But even we don't really know who Nickie was, or where her family are.

CIMON
We're her family. Now.

ION
They're even denying now that Nickie was an American —it would be too fucking politically embarrassing.

CIMON
But they're doing their damndest to slur Khalid—
a terrorist, a thief, an illegal immigrant, all that shit.
Saying he stole a necklace worth 100,000 euros.
Offering a reward of 10,000 for it.

ION
And that's what he gave you, Cimon, in that bag?
Shit —what the fuck was he playing at?—
Was he just using the demo as cover for a cheap
steal?—and Nickie died for *that*?

CIMON
We didn't know! —I didn't even realise what he was
doing when he smashed that display case.

BLACK CAT 1
You can't give it back. Or claim the reward.
Why not fence it, Ion?—at least it'd pay off your
debts on the club.

BLACK CAT 2
Nickie would have wanted that.

ION
Are you crazy—we've got to get rid of it.

ELLIE
(She has been examining the necklace) You can't fence it
anyway—it's fake. It's just costume jewellery.
Pretty good quality, but worth damn-all.

ION
What?

CIMON
So they both died—for fake gold.

ION
Wait a minute. *(pause for thought)*
If it's fake, and they know it is, why do they say it's worth 100,000 euros? —They must *know* it was fake—so why have they offered a reward as well?
Was this just some bloody insurance scam?
Was Khalid involved in a set-up?

CIMON
This smells very fishy.
And how did they know so much about Kalid so quickly? It took them just minuites to do the dirt on him but he had no ID or anything on him.
He even gave me his phone in that bag.

BLACK CAT 1
What was it Khalid said? - 'Fucking Trojan' — was *he* some kind of trojan horse?

ION
Let's see that phone, Cimon.

Ion looks through the various messages, images and recorded video footage. Only he sees what's on the phone.
He listens, using an earphone.

ION
I need a long think. *(Long wait. Finally, decisively)*
Are you sure he didn't just say: "Fuck him! Trojan!"
'Cos that's what he meant! Cimon, don't cancel tonight after all. We're open—but only as an internet caff tonight, all night. We aren't dancing tonight—we're *working*! Just put the word out — we need people to get on the net and on their phones. We need everybody on a mobile. We need a zillion text messages. By tomorrow.
You said: Hit them where it hurts. We're going to! This might just work. I'll explain—

32. INT. THE CLUB MAIN ROOM. NIGHT.

Late night. Very crowded and everybody busy.
Regular clubbers and Black Cats are on the computers and on their phones. Contacting everyone they can reach.
More people arrive and join in.

ION
The whole world will be watching.
Right, I've got some editing to do tonight.

33. INT. THE CLUB MAIN ROOM.

Early morning. Still crowded, with very tired people, but everybody still exchanging e-mails and text messages.

34. INT. PAPADOULOS OFFICE.

Warner, Papadoulos, and the Manager of the jewellery shop.
Warner shouts angrily at Papadoulos.

WARNER
You screwed up!—You can't kill an American teenager and expect the US media to ignore it!
And look at what's happened now!

They watch as an English-speaking TV channel breaks the latest news:

PRESENTER
In a new development, this television station, and several others, received this morning a large fragment of the allegedly unique necklace stolen during yesterday's clashes in central Athens.
But the piece we have is just costume jewellery.
We have asked for an interview with the owner of the upmarket store, a younger member of the well-

known Papadoulos family, but all requests for clarification have been turned down.

Warner snaps the television off, and confronts the Manager.

WARNER
You shithead—you wanted to make a little extra profit on the side, you short term cretin.

MANAGER *(pleading)*
It looked like a safe bet either way— he was supposed to have the necklace on him when he was rubbed out—but if he *did* get away he wouldn't go to the police with the stuff, would he. It would just disappear. So that's what I thought would happen with whoever had got it off him. It seemed easy to put in a claim.

WARNER
Your fucking little insurance scam threatens the whole deal—even the fucking Euro collapse—all blown out of the water if the police follow this up and nail our role in it —clearly one of those bloody anarchists has got the rest of the jewellery—and now they must know there's something fishy—

PAPADOULOS *(sharply)*
Calm down, Warner.
The police won't follow this up. I'll see to that.
Let this little incident go quiet. There'll be other occasions. You don't think this is the last time we can set up this kind of flash crisis, do you? This one can die down for a few months. We're safe.
And we've done enough for a dry run this time.
It'll work, in the end.

35. EXT. THE SQUARE OVERLOOKING THE KARMEIKOS CEMETERY. EARLY EVENING.

The camera is focussed in close range on an apparently smallish crowd of several white-face mimes, the Black Cats, and a few Roma kids.

Ion and Cimon stand with their backs to the cemetery, side by side.

They address the crowd in turn, giving the same speech first in Greek and then in English, line by line, in stychomythia.

As they do so, the camera very slowly and gradually pulls back, to reveal finally a very large crowd indeed, which fills the street that stretches all the way to Thisseios Metro station.

Many of the crowd are watching and listening on mobile phones: a live feed of the scene over the internet.

ION & CIMON

O paidei — / O children—

Here on this spot Pericles once praised the citizens
of Athens who nobly fought and nobly died.

We cannot do that today.

Today we mourn a girl, no Greek,
but an American, a girl from Philadelphia,
the city of brotherly love, who came and lived with us
who loved Greece, and loved a Greek.

And all of you here today, wherever you are from,
also love Greece, and what she once stood for.

Nickie's death was not noble. She did not nobly
fight and nobly die. Those days are gone.

Her weapons were not bronze swords,
but silent gestures.

Her targets were not Persian armies,
but the malls of consumerism.

Niké means Victory—yet hers were not epic
victories, only symbolic gestures.

And not all of us approved.
But do we think she should have died, for *this*?

That a shop window is worth more
than a young woman's life.

That a dented car is worth more
than a living person.

That the police should kill to protect the glitter of
gold, and stamp out a future.

And the gold which was taken was not true gold.

(Ion holds up bits of the 'gold' necklace)

Like the empty endless dreams of the shopping
mall, this is fake, dross, appearance, false promise.
Illusion.

And what of that other, who actually took the gold?
Khalid, who also died.

Do we mourn him also? Yes.

Do we blame him? Yes.

But not for the theft of fake gold.
For something more important. For betrayal.
You will see.

Yet we do not wholly blame him.
He wanted another life. He paid a high price.

He came to Greece not as a rich tourist,
a free spirit travelling the cultural globe,
but as a hunted refugee, fleeing poverty.

And he paid a high price. A price you will see. Soon.

But now we mourn Nickie, we honour her,
we remember her.

Here on this spot are the memories of many.
We add to them.

As the speech proceeds, the Black Cats burn Nickie's mime costume and the mask of comedy. They gather the ashes.

The gods once gave this city a choice.
Salt water or the olive tree.
The city chose Athena and her olive branch,
but it never forgot the salt waters of the sea.

Today our salt tears flow. And today we have no
olive branch of peace and plenty.

We offer these ashes, in love and memory.

In a ritual dance, several white-face mimes, dressed as caryatids, scatter the ashes of Nickie's costume, to music by Roma child accordionists.

Silent pause.

But the ending is not here. In death and sorrow.
Nickie means victory in Greek.
Is there victory here? Not yet.

It is time to take off the mask of mere acting.
For now we know why she died.
And so will the world.
The world will watch. It is time for the truth.

It is time for a new battle. Will you follow?

Ion and Cimon move through the crowd to lead a slow march, to music by the Roma kids' accordions, as various other buskers and street bands gradually join in, the music growing louder and less mournful, more defiant and affirmative. Gradually the march grows in size and noise as it proceeds along the pedestrian pathway towards the Acropolis.

Soon, every busker and white-face mime artist in the city, every local techno-rock club band, every strolling Roma accordionist, every 'authentic' dance troupe, converges from the various side-streets to form the scratch-band musical head of a solemn procession, a demonstration-cum-funeral march, swelling along the pedestrian pathway from the Karameikos cemetery to the Theatre of Dionysus.

As the march passes, various groups, summoned by the overnight text messages, come in several side-streams to join the march:-

Kids and bands from the gasworks club area—
Teenage footballers from the sports park—
Buskers from Plaka coming over the hill—
Costumed dancers coming down from the Hill of Nymphs—
As the march passes the Theatre of Hadrian some tourists even drift out to see what is happening.

As the evening darkens, the march reaches the Theatre of Dionysus and gathers into a massed audience.

At this point it is joined from the other direction, from Amalia Street, by Vassilis, leading various trade union and political party contingents, with flying red flags and old banners.

Then hundreds of football supporters start to arrive from a Liverpool vs Panathanaikos friendly match at the Panathanikos Stadium.

As they all assemble in front of the Theatre of Dionysus,
a lorry with mounted projection equipment from the club arrives from a side street, and sets up to project onto the high walls of the Acropolis.

The spontaneous cacophonous melodies of the march are by now competing with the banshee wails of converging police sirens.

Huge projections onto the Acropolis walls now show blown-up footage from Khalid's mobile phone video: the exchange with Creon in the Papadoulos office, including the map locations and the photo of the necklace.

The footage is repeated several times as loudspeakers give the audiotrack, with translations into Greek and English.

When Papadoulos himself appears in the footage there is a great angry shout from the crowd.

Many of the crowd are using their mobile phones to transmit the scene further.

At this point, Ion takes up a microphone and speaks in English:

ION
The whole world is watching
on the world wide web.

We accuse:
those who planned
the murder of demonstrators,
who planned
the bombing of a nightclub for youngsters,
who planned
to bring chaos and conflict to the streets of our city,
who conspired
to cause confusion and to exploit that confusion
to destabilise our economy,
here and across Europe,
to benefit from their own massive speculation
against the euro,
to force this country into further debt and hardship,
to impose unemployment and privatisation,
to take power from the people
and to increase the power over us of
bankers, speculators, corporations,
the faceless who live in the shadows.

But here are their faces,
plotting murder and bloodshed.
We accuse these men.

The projections focus in close-up on the faces of Papadoulos and Warner, as caught in the inner office doorway on Khalid's footage.

CROWD
The whole world's watching!
The whole world's watching!
The whole world's watching!

ION
You have seen the evidence.
You are an Athenian Jury.
What is your verdict?

CROWD
Guilty! *(in every language)*

ION
And the police also are watching.
As the world is watching them.
(He points to the police cars trapped by the density of the crowd.)
Now we will see what the police will do.
Will they prosecute us?
For violating a pedestrian precinct.
Or will they arrest
the most powerful businessman in Greece
on suspicion of conspiracy to commit murder
and to cause explosions?

The police are watching from their cars.

The evening lights come on to illuminate the Parthenon.

36. EXT. QUAYSIDE AT PIRAEUS. MORNING.

The Lesbos ferry is moving away from the dockside.
The camera pulls back and slowly pans to show
Vassilis watching it go,
then Cimon alongside him, then Ion—
and finally Ellie, all together on the dockside.

ELLIE
So, Ion, do I finally get to see the Parthenon — properly?

ION
Do we finally get to hear your gig?

CIMON
What is this new 'Liverpool techno-edge' music anyway?

ELLIE
Doesn't exist—it's just the music I like — with a marketing ploy.

ION
So, where you ever actually in Liverpool?

ELLIE
Just once. *(pause)* I was born there.
But my mother died in childbirth.
I was adopted. But that didn't work out in the end.
So I ran away, years ago.

VASSILIS
(looking pleased, and thoughtful)
I *thought* there was something familiar about you, Ellie —

ION *(cottons on)*
Hang on, Dad! The dates just *do not* match!

VASSILIS *(smiles)*
I know.

CIMON
Welcome to the family anyway!

They all walk arm-in-arm towards the Metro.

37. CREDITS SEQUENCE :

The credits roll over various short TV news items in several languages,
about the arrest of a powerful Greek business magnate,
a new Berlusconi, with links back to the 1967 colonels' coup,
who had financed various nationalist and right wing groups across
Europe —and news of a US embassy official in Athens
who has been recalled to Washington amid a diplomatic row—etc.

Update as appropriate....

Fade Out

THE END….?.

Ellie arrives in Athens, heading for a job, but finds herself in the middle of a strike, demonstrations, an ongoing family feud, daylight robbery, and perhaps a major conspiracy : and all she really wanted to do was play some music and see the Parthenon.

Any resemblance to actual events is currently optimistic. This film-text was written before the full implications of Greece being treated as a political-economic football became apparent…

Film-texts are in the format of a film-script,
but are not designed for actual film production.
They are intended to be read and imagined,
and play with a variety of familiar film genres,
including romantic comedy, political thriller,
and tourist guide: a kind of fantasy travel souvenir.

Other film-texts are set in Budapest, Prague,
Rome, Venice, and fourth-century Egypt.

New Crisis Quarterly revives the title of a short-lived periodical which published only reviews of wholly imaginary works, which their authors did not have the time to write. NCQ books are offered in the same spirit.